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No. 3

CHRIST RIDER

the

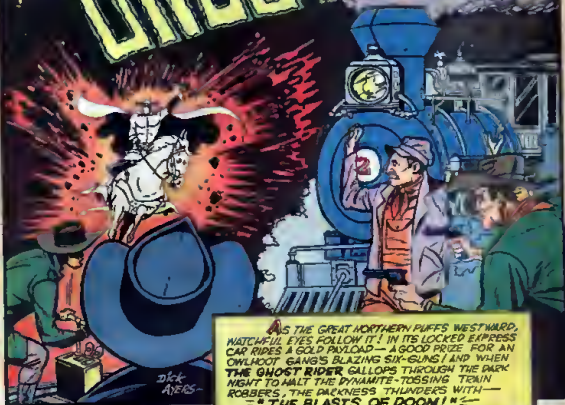
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the GHOST RIDER



AS THE GREAT NORTHERN PUFFS WESTWARD, WATCHFUL EYES FOLLOW IT! IN ITS LOCKED EXPRESS CAR RIDES A GOLD PAYLOAD—A GOOD PRIZE FOR AN OWLHOOT GANG'S BLAZING SIX-GUNS! AND WHEN THE GHOST RIDER GALLOPS THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT TO HALT THE DYNAMITE-TOSSING TRAIN ROBBERS, THE DARKNESS THUNDERS WITH—
—“THE BLASTS OF DOOM!”—

THE GREAT NORTHERN EXPRESS SUDDENLY GRINDS TO A HALT...

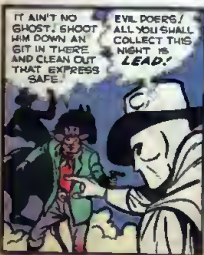
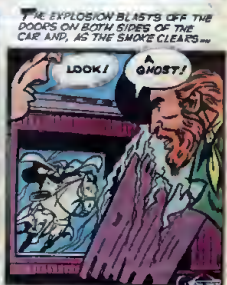
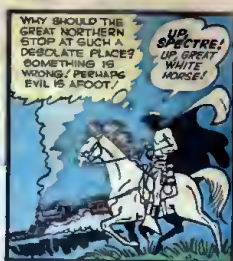
A RED LANTERN ON THE TRACKS—
DANGER!

YUH SHORE
PICKED THE RIGHT
WORD THEN,
ENGINEER!

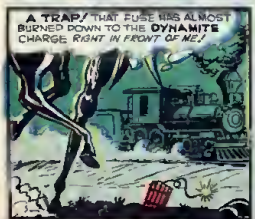
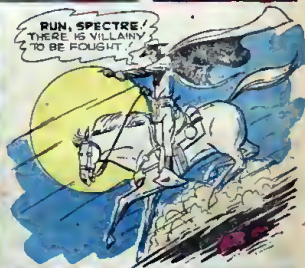
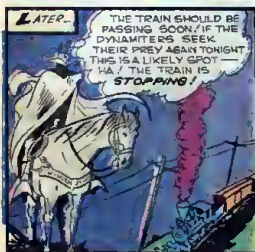
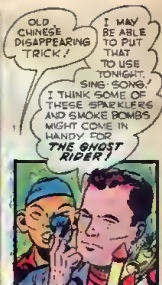
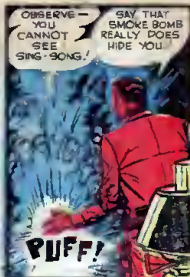
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S THE IDEA
OF STOPPING
THE TRAIN?

TO MAKE IT EASIER,
FER ME AN' THE BOYS
TO HOP ON AN' HOLD
YUH UP! REACH!

THE GHOST RIDER

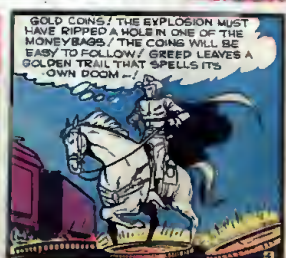
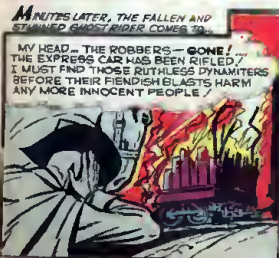
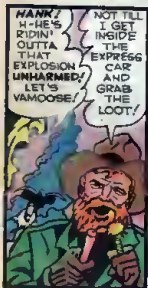
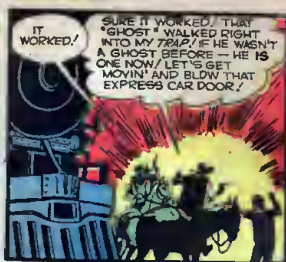
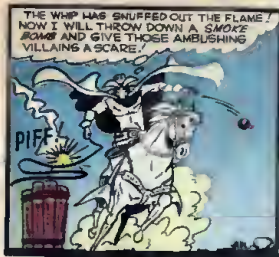


THE GHOST RIDER



AS THE GHOST RIDER BEARS DOWN ON THE TRAIN...

THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER

GALLOPING ALONG THE COIN TEAL, THE GHOST RIDER SUDDENLY OVERTAKES HIS QUARRY and

THERE THEY ARE! AND THAT HOUSE MUST BE THEIR HIDEOUT.



WE KIN HOLSTER OUR SHOOTIN' IRONS— WE MADE IT SAFE!

WHO WUZ GOIN' TO STOP US— THAT GHOST RIDER? AFTER THE LAST EXPLOSION THAT BLEW THE EXPRESS CAR, WE DIDN'T SEE HIM AGAIN— AN' HE NEVER WILL!



I-I STILL AIN'T SURE! I'LL JUST KEEP MY TRIGGER FINGER READY!

MY BEST CHANCE TO CAPTURE THEM WITHOUT UNNECESSARY

GUNPLAY IS TO SURPRISE THEM AND PLAY ON THEIR SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS.

GHOSTS DON'T EXIST— LEASTWAYS THAT ONE DON'T!



GO, SPECTRE! GALLOP BEFORE THE EVIL-DOERS.



LOOK! THE WHITE HORSE!

THE GHOST RIDER IS BACK!



NOW TO ENTER THEIR HIDEOUT WHILE THEY LOOK AWAY AND CRINGE IN

HANK, I-I AIN'T GOIN' NO FURTHER! THAT NIGHT RIDER IS WAITIN' FER US!

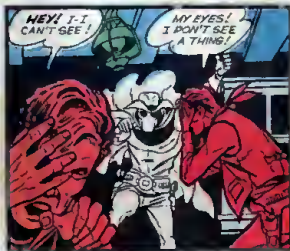


GET MOVIN' AND OPEN THAT DOOR!

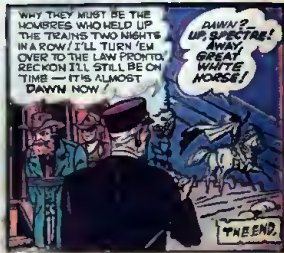
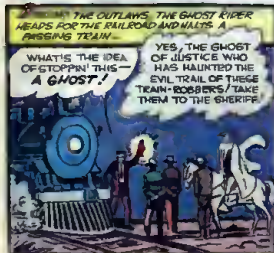
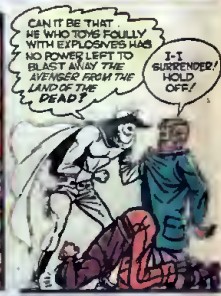
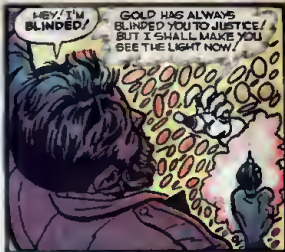
D-DON'T FORCE ME TUH, HANK! IF HE AIN'T A GHOST HOW'D HE ESCAPE THEM EXPLOSIONS AND HOW'D HIS HORSE COME TO OUR HIDEOUT? I TELL YUH, HE'S HERE



THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



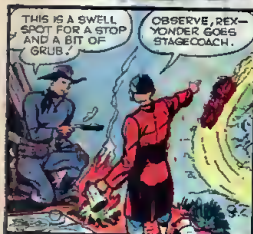
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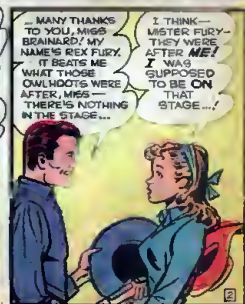
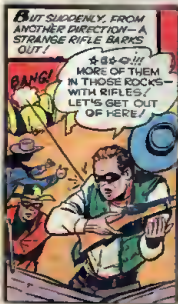
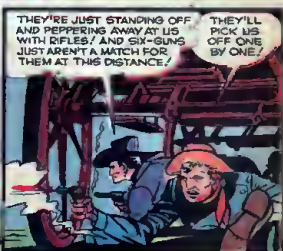
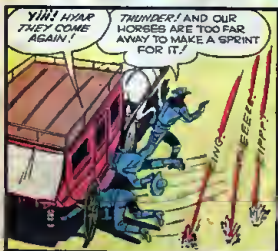
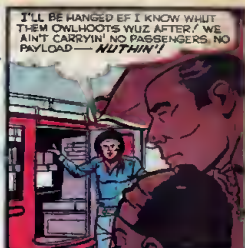
GHOST RIDER

WHO ARE THESE MUSKED KILLERS?
WHY DO THEY WANT THE LIFE OF
THIS INNOCENT DEFENSELESS GIRL?
THE GHOST RIDER ALONE CAN
ANSWER THESE BURNING QUESTIONS.
HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN CALL
THE TREACHEROUS

"DEAD MAN'S BLUFF!"



THE GHOST RIDER



... BUT I MISSED IT BACK AT THE LAST STATION— AND I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING IT ON HORSEBACK. THIS IS THE THIRD ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE THIS WEEK / I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY WANT TO GET RID OF ME ...

GEE-HAW! BIDDADI!



I'M ON MY WAY BACK HOME FROM SCHOOL... I HAD TO LEAVE COLLEGE BECAUSE— BECAUSE POP DIED LAST MONTH— ~~MURDERED!~~ UNCLE PETER CAME FROM THE BIG CITY TO MANAGE THE RANCH WHEN POP DIED...

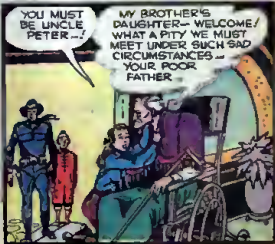


... BUT UNCLE PETER'S A HELPLESS CRIPPLE— PARALYZED FROM A BULLET LODGED IN HIS SPINE. THAT'S WHY I'M NEEDED... WELL, HERE WE ARE! NOW— TO MEET MY UNCLE FOR THE FIRST TIME.



YOU MUST BE UNCLE PETER...

MY BROTHER'S DAUGHTER— WELCOME! WHAT A PITY WE MUST MEET UNDER SUCH SAD CIRCUMSTANCES— YOUR POOR FATHER.



I'D LIKE TO INVITE MY FRIENDS TO STAY THE NIGHT, UNCLE. IS THAT ALL RIGHT?

WHATEVER YOU SAY MYRA—IT'S YOUR RANCH YOU KNOW! I'VE JUST BEEN HELPING OUT TILL YOU CAME...

LATER...

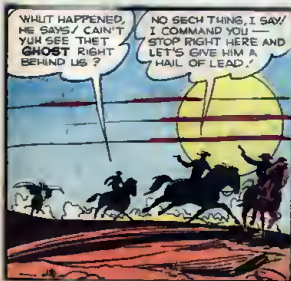
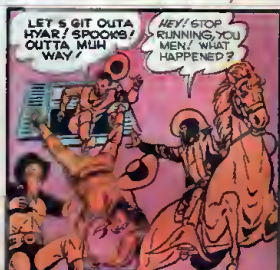
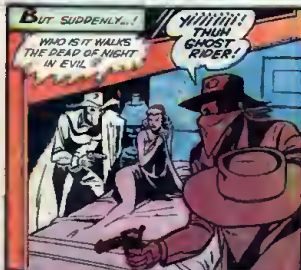
... SO THAT'S HOW WE MET MYRA, MR. BRAINARD. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO THOSE OWL-HOOTING MIGHT BE?

YES, THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY HENNESSEY'S GANG, WHO HAVE BEEN TERRORIZING THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY FOR MONTHS.

NOBODY I KNOWS WHO HENNESSEY IS, FOR NO ONE'S EVER SEEN HIS FACE. BUT I THINK IT WAS HE AND HIS GANG WHO KILLED MY BROTHER AND NOW ARE AFTER MYRA. I DON'T KNOW WHY—I WISH I DID!



THE GHOST RIDER

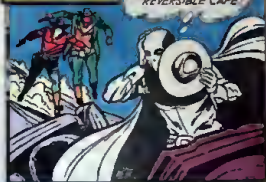


THE GHOST RIDER

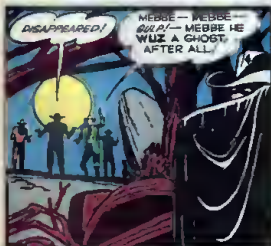


OFF YOUR BRONCS, MEN! LET'S FOLLOW HIM DOWN THERE AND MAKE SURE HE'S FINISHED OFF!

THE SHOT AD JUST GRAZED THE GHOST RIDER. HE REVIVES QUICKLY.



UMH-- MY HEAD HERE THEY COME LOST MY GUNS IN THAT FALL-- WHAT'LL I DO?-- AH MY REVERSIBLE CAPE



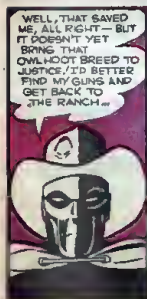
DISAPPEARED!

MEBBE-- MEBBE-- GULP!-- MEBBE HE WUZ A GHOST AFTER ALL



NOW, A LITTLE VENTRILQUOY... WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...

FEET-- START MOVIN'!



WELL, THAT SAVED ME, ALL RIGHT-- BUT IT DOESN'T YET BRING THAT OWLHOOT BREED TO JUSTICE, I'D BETTER FIND MY GUNS AND GET BACK TO THE RANCH...



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU REX?

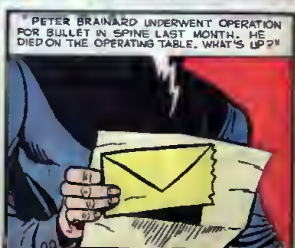
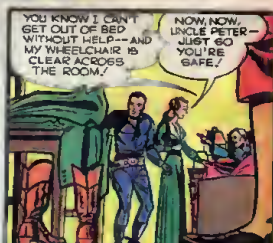
HEARD THE RUCKUS AND TOOK OFF AFTER THE GHOST RIDER AND THOSE OWLHOOTS-- BUT THEY WERE TOO FAST FOR ME-- I NEVER DID CATCH UP!



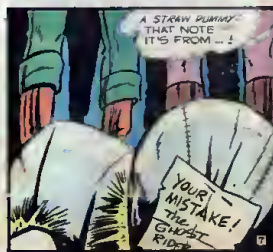
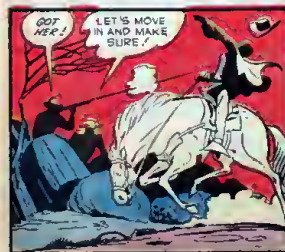
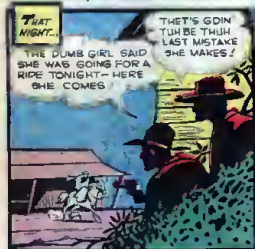
EVERYBODY SAFE AROUND HERE?

GOOD HEAVENS! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT UNCLE PETER!

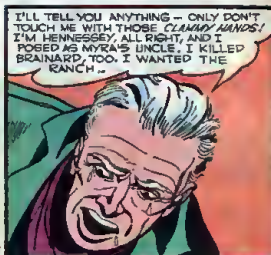
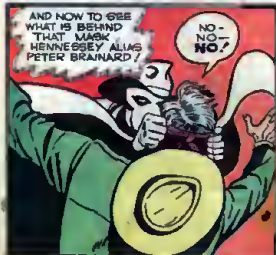
THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



the GHOST RIDER



TERROR RACES ALONG THE FRONTIER TOWNS, AS A RUTHLESS BAND OF INDIAN RUSTLERS STRIKE! EACH RANCH IS MARKED FOR DOOM BY A CLEVER RENEGADE... BUT JED BARR'S EVIL TRICKERY FACES ITS TOUGHEST TEST WHEN THE NIGHT RIDER OF JUSTICE IS FORCED TO CHANGE HIS TACTICS — AND **"THE GHOST RIDER STRIKES BY DAY!"**



THE GHOST RIDER

SOON AFTER, REX FURY AND SING-SONG RIDE INTO TOWN...

THAT'S THE THIRD INJUN RAID THIS MONTH! AND EACH OF 'EM WAS PULLED WHEN THE MEN WERE AWAY AND JEST THE WOMEN WERE THERE! SOMEONE IS TELLIN' THEM INJUNS WHEN TUH STRIKE!

RIDICULOUS!

ALL RIGHT THEN, JED BARR. IF NO ONE IS TELLIN' THEM REDSKINS WHICH RANCH IS LEAST PROTECTED—HOW COME THEY ALWAYS PICK THE SAFEST?

JEST LUCK, I RECKON!

I SURE HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M HEADIN' NORTH FER TWO DAYS AND I DON'T WANT ANY RENEGADE TELLIN' THEM RAIDERS THE KC RANCH HAS ONLY WOMENFOLK AT IT NOW!

COME ON, SING-SONG! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE KC RANCH!

AT SUNDOWN...

LOOKEE, REX WHY SHOULD MAN WAVE TORCH BEFORE CORRAL OF KC RANCH?

AND WHO IS THAT MAN? THE OWNER SAID ONLY THE WOMEN WERE THERE NOW! WELL THE GHOST RIDER WILL SOON FIND OUT.

AS NIGHT DEEPENS, THE GHOST RIDER GALLOPS FORTH...

JED BARR! WHY DO YOU WAVE THAT TORCH IN FRONT OF THE KC CORRAL?

THE GHOST RIDER! I SURE WASN'T SIGNALIN' FER YOU TUH COME MEDDLIN'.

I HAVE ASKED A QUESTION! I WANT AN ANSWER, QUICKLY!

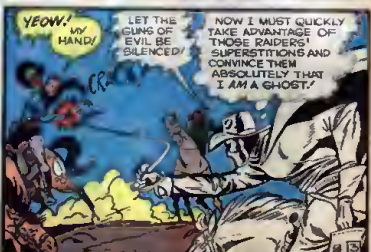
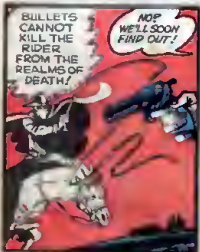
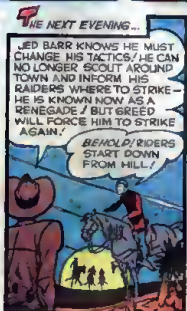
I'LL GIVE YUH AN ANSWER PRONTO—IN LEAD!

AJEE! MY HAND!

INDIANS! SO, EVIL ONE—IT IS YOU WHO SIGNAL THE RAIDERS WHEN TO STRIKE AT THE DEFENSELESS RANCHES! I WILL DRIVE OFF THIS COWARDLY BAND UP SPECTRE.

ANNEE WA HII!

THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER

DOWNED BEFORE HE COULD GIVE THE ALARM, HE SHOULD BE OUT LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND!

UGH!

WE WILL NOT RAID THE WARREN RANCH TONIGHT

I'M GIVIN' ORDERS ROUND HERE AND SAY WE'RE RUSTLIN' THAT HERD! WARREN LEFT TOWN THREE DAYS AGO FER A WEEK, ONLY HIS WIFE AND AN OLD HIRED HAND ARE THERE!

BUT HE WHO RIDES THE MIDNIGHT WINDS MAY BE THERE AGAIN!

IF HE IS — SHOOT HIM DOWN! HE AIN'T NO GHOST BUT IF HE SHOWS UP AGAIN I'LL MAKE A GHOST OF HIM!

WE HAVE SEEN HIM CUT IN TWO IT IS NOT HUMAN!

OKAY! I'VE GOT ANOTHER PLAN! GHOSTS DON'T RIDE BY DAYLIGHT! SADDLE UP! WE'RE HEADIN' FER THE WARREN RANCH RIGHT NOW!

FASTER! FASTER! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOMEHOW!

SOON AFTER...

SING-SONG, BARR AND HIS KILLERS ARE GOING TO RAID THE WARREN RANCH RIGHT NOW! THEY'RE TOO MANY FOR ME TO HANDLE ALONE AND THERE'S NO TIME TO ORGANIZE A POSSE! MY ONLY HOPE WAS SCARING OFF THE INDIANS AS THE GHOST RIDER — BUT IT'S DAYLIGHT NOW!

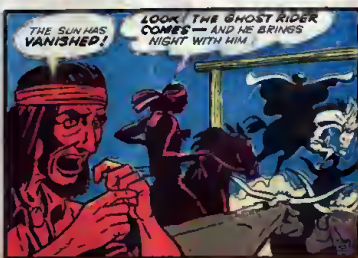
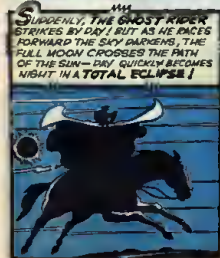
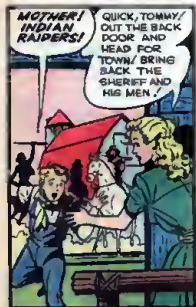
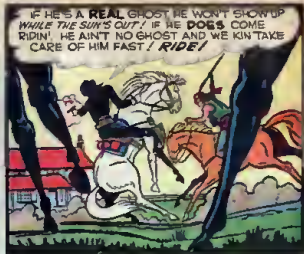
NOT ALL BAD AS SEEMS! PLEASE LOOKIE IN SING-SONG'S ALMANAC!

SING-SONG, YOU'RE RIGHT! THE GHOST RIDER CAN BEAT THEM NOW! AND THIS TIME I'LL BRING JED BARR IN FOR KEEPS! WE RIDE!

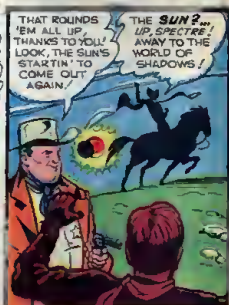
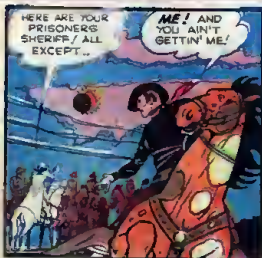
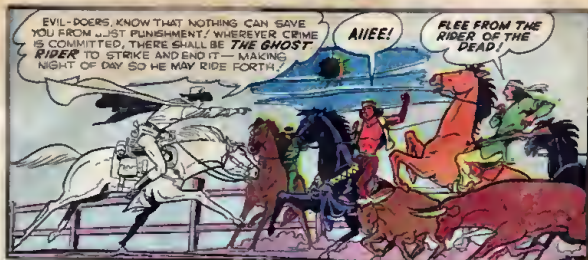
VELLY GOOD! SING-SONG CERTAIN INDIANS THEY GET BIG SURPRISE!

ALMANAC

THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



the GHOST RIDER

THIS DYNAMITE WILL TELL IF YUH'RE GHOST OR MAN!

CRADLED DEEP INSIDE THE EARTH IS THE PRECIOUS VEIN OF SILVER ORE—RICHES FOR WHICH EVIL MEN SCHEME, STEAL AND KILL! BUT WHEN THEIR SCHEMING THREATENS TO HARM A SPUNKY YOUNG WOMAN, IT'S TIME FOR THE GHOST RIDER TO TAKE A HAND IN THE DEADLY GAME BEING PLAYED FOR THE—

"GRIM TREASURE!"

—DICK AYERS

LINDA PARRY, YOUNG OWNER OF THE PARRY SILVER MINE DRAWS HER LAST PENNY FROM THE RED HOOK BANK...

I GUESS THAT FINISHES YOUR ACCOUNT, MISS LINDA.

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE I CAN DO, MR. SIMMONS—I JUST HAVE TO MEET THAT PAYROLL.

WHY DON'T YUH JEST GIVE UP LINDA PARRY? I KNOW YORE SILVER MINE'S RUN DRY—BUT I'LL BUY IT FROM YUH JEST THUH SAME.

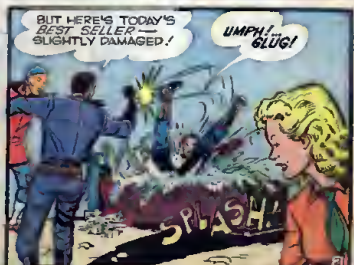
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, JUD BRUNER!

I'LL PAY YUH GOOD MONEY FER THET MINE, LINDA. I KIN AFFORD IT 'CAUSE MY OWN SILVER LADY MINE'S MAKING A FORTUNE!

THEN WHY DO YOU WANT TO BUY MY MINE? I'VE GOT MY SUSPICIONS, MR. BRUNER....!



THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER

THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL, REX — JUST WHAT BRUNER NEEDED! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR ME — AS MY RAMROD?



I NEED A STRONG HAND AROUND THE PARRY MINE, REX. ALL SORTS OF TROUBLE — SABOTAGE, STRANGE KILLING OF MY BEST MEN — AND THE MYSTERY OF MY RICH SILVER MINE SUDDENLY GOING DRY!



SORRY, LINDA MINING JUST ISN'T MY BUSINESS



HOW COME, REX? YOU NO WANT TO LOOK-SEE INTO DIRTY BUSINESS AT PARRY MINE

CERTAINLY DO WANT TO LOOK INTO THAT BUSINESS SING-SONG.



BUT I THINK IT BEST TO WORK FROM THE OUTSIDE. THE JOB OF MINE FOREMAN WOULD SORT OF HANDICAP MY INVESTIGATIONS — AND IT WOULD PUT ON GUARD WHOEVER'S UP TO MISCHIEF.



FIRST THING — I WANT A COPY OF THE ENGINEER'S MAP OF THE PARRY MINE. HOW ABOUT IT, SING-SONG?

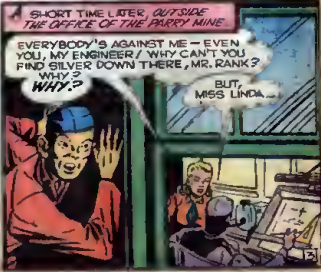
CAN DO, REX!



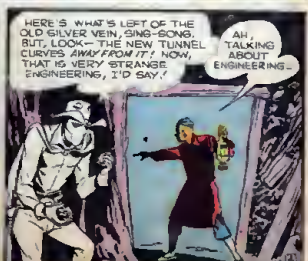
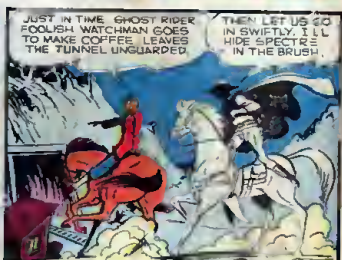
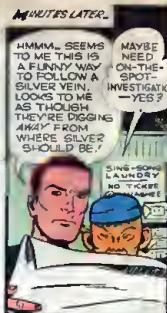
SHORT TIME LATER, OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE PARRY MINE

EVERYBODY'S AGAINST ME — EVEN YOU, MY ENGINEER! WHY CAN'T YOU FIND SILVER DOWN THERE, MR. RANK? WHY? WHY?

BUT, MISS LINDA...



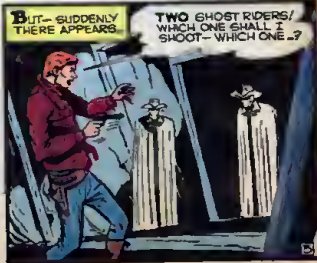
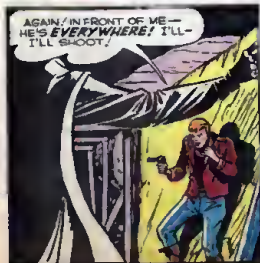
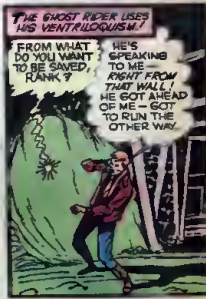
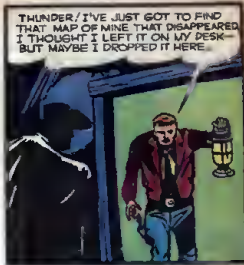
THE GHOST RIDER



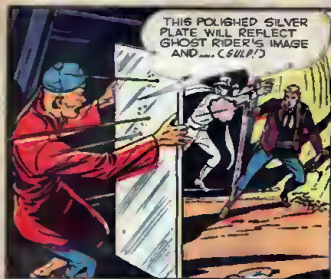
THE GHOST RIDER



THE
GHOST RIDER
SHROUDS
HIMSELF AND
SING-SONG
WITH THE
BLACK
REVERSE
SIDE OF HIS
CAPE,
MAKING
HIMSELF
INVISIBLE...



THE GHOST RIDER



THIS POLISHED SILVER PLATE WILL REFLECT GHOST RIDER'S IMAGE AND... (GULP!)



A GOOD TRICK, SING-SONG — IT GAVE ME JUST THE DIVERSION TO DISARM THIS SNIVELING COWARD!

YES — GOOD TRICK, BUT — (GULP!) — TOO DANGEROUS, ME THINK!



D-D-DON'T G-G-GET SO CLOSE.. GULP..! I'LL CONFESS / I'M BEING PAID BY BRUNER TO ENGINEER THESE TUNNELS SO IT'LL SEEM THE SILVER VEIN IS RUN DRY...



HE'S PAYING ME, TOO, TO PERSUADE MISS PARRY TO SELL HER MINE. ACTUALLY, THERE'S LOTS OF SILVER IN THAT OLD VEIN

I HEARD THAT! THANK YOU, GHOST RIDER — ONCE MORE YOU RIDE FOR JUSTICE!

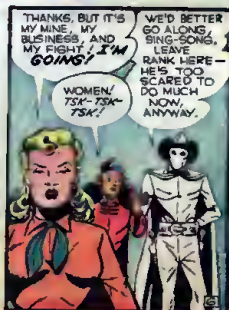


BUT THERE'S STILL SOMETHING I WANT EXPLAINED — HOW COME BRUNER'S MINE **SUDDENLY** GOT SO RICH? THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY — I'M GOING INTO BRUNER'S MINE AND FIND OUT FOR MYSELF!



NO, NO, MISS PARRY — MUST NOT! IS DANGEROUS FOR YOUNG WOMAN!

SING-SONG IS RIGHT, MISS LINDA. STAY HERE AND LET ME, THE GHOST RIDER GO...!



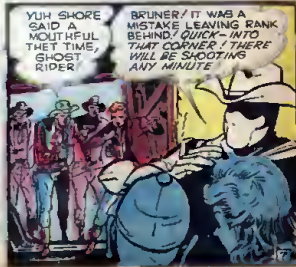
THANKS, BUT IT'S MY MINE, MY BUSINESS, AND MY FIGHT, I'M GOING!

WOMEN! TSK-TSK-TSK!

WE'D BETTER GO ALONG, SING-SONG. LEAVE RANK HERE — HE'S TOO SCARED TO DO MUCH NOW, ANYWAY.

THE GHOST RIDER

MINUTES LATER— AT THE BRUNER MINE...



THE GHOST RIDER

